

Lights Out!

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For SH

1.

What rough beast, its hour passed,
limps towards Kali to be spurned?
Ignoring Gayatri exaltations,
countless suns
turn and face their void
What pathetic arachnid,
gonads growning,
hurls itself furiously at sandy walls?
As a universe collapses,
undelivered strings
draw a cloudy moonness
to every neural network
and madhyakasha snuffs its ululations

2.

In the Cave of Grenada I tend my love, as
sick of living and notations,
the detonations and implosions of awareness suck.
I feed her parsley and dark mountain grapes,
I wrap her tightly in woven skirts of silk and wool
to hold her through the nights
and marvel as the little seed fills her skin
of desire and oblivion.